MARVEL COMICS
THE PUNISHER 2099
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DIRECT EDITION
CYBER-NINJAS
MORGAN PALMIOTTI 93

HIS FAMILY WAS MURDERED BY A PSYCHOPATH IN AN AGE WHERE JUSTICE CAN BE BOUGHT AND NO ONE BELIEVES IN OLD FASHIONED *PUNISHMENT* ANYMORE... NO ONE EXCEPT *JAKE GALLOWS*... A WEAPONS SPECIALIST IN THE PUBLIC EYE POLICE FORCE BY DAY, AT NIGHT HE IS INCORRUPTIBLE JUSTICE.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE PUNISHER 2099

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DEGEN HOSTEL ALL WELCOME
HURRR! HURRR!
NEARLY THREE... AXEL INSIDE... HURRR!
DEGEN HOSTEL ALL WELCOME
PROPRIETOR MATT AXEL
WHOOO! WHOO! WHO'S THERE...?
MEEP! MEEP!
KRASH
HURRRRRGHH!

SQUAWK! WHO'S THAT, MATT?
YELP! YELP!
COME ON, FELLAS... CALM DOWN... IT'S JUST A NEW FRIEND. A NEW FRIEND.
HELP MEEEEE!
IT'S OKAY, STRANGER... YOU'RE WELCOME HERE.
I KNOW YOU... YOU'RE MR. MUSCLES... THE GUY FROM THE ENERGIDE AD...
THE NEW MUSCLES WONDER DRUG FROM ALCHEMAX...
...A GENETIC BREAKTHROUGH THAT INCREASES MUSCLE DEVELOPMENT...
DRUG BAD... KEEP GROWING...
DON'T WORRY... WE'LL GET YOU TO MIDGARD HOSPITAL...

SURE YOU WILL... IN A BUCKET!
GIVE THE FREAK A SHOWER, BRU.
AMAZING STUFF THIS--ANOTHER ALCHEMAX PRODUCT. WE'RE FIELD-TESTING IT RIGHT NOW.
CAN'T HAVE ANY LOOSE BITS OF GENETIC EVIDENCE WANDERING ABOUT...
AHHHHH!
BLUBBLE
... OR WITNESSES!
QUICK! QUICK! INTO THE SAFETY ROOM! I'M CALLING JAKE!

YOU'RE ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE... THIS STUFF WILL EAT THROUGH STEEL DOORS AS EASILY AS MR. MUSCLES.
JAKE...THEY'LL BE THROUGH THE DOOR IN THREE MINUTES!
I'LL BE THERE IN TWO.
GUARD THE FRONT IN CASE THIS GUY HAS ANY "NORMAL" FRIENDS.
YES--I DO HAVE ONE FRIEND...BUT HE'S DEFINITELY NOT NORMAL... HE'S...

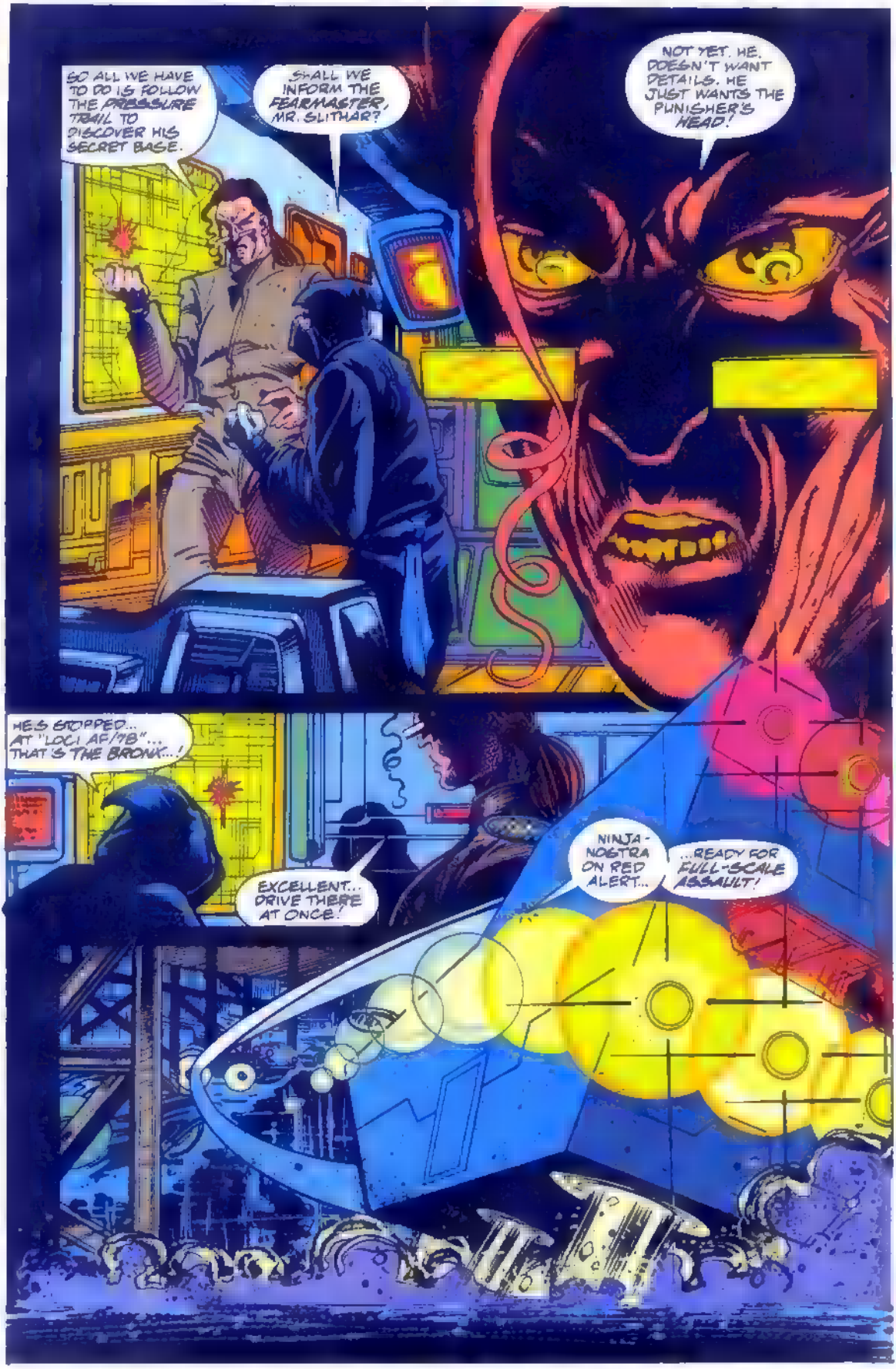
"THE PUNISHER!"

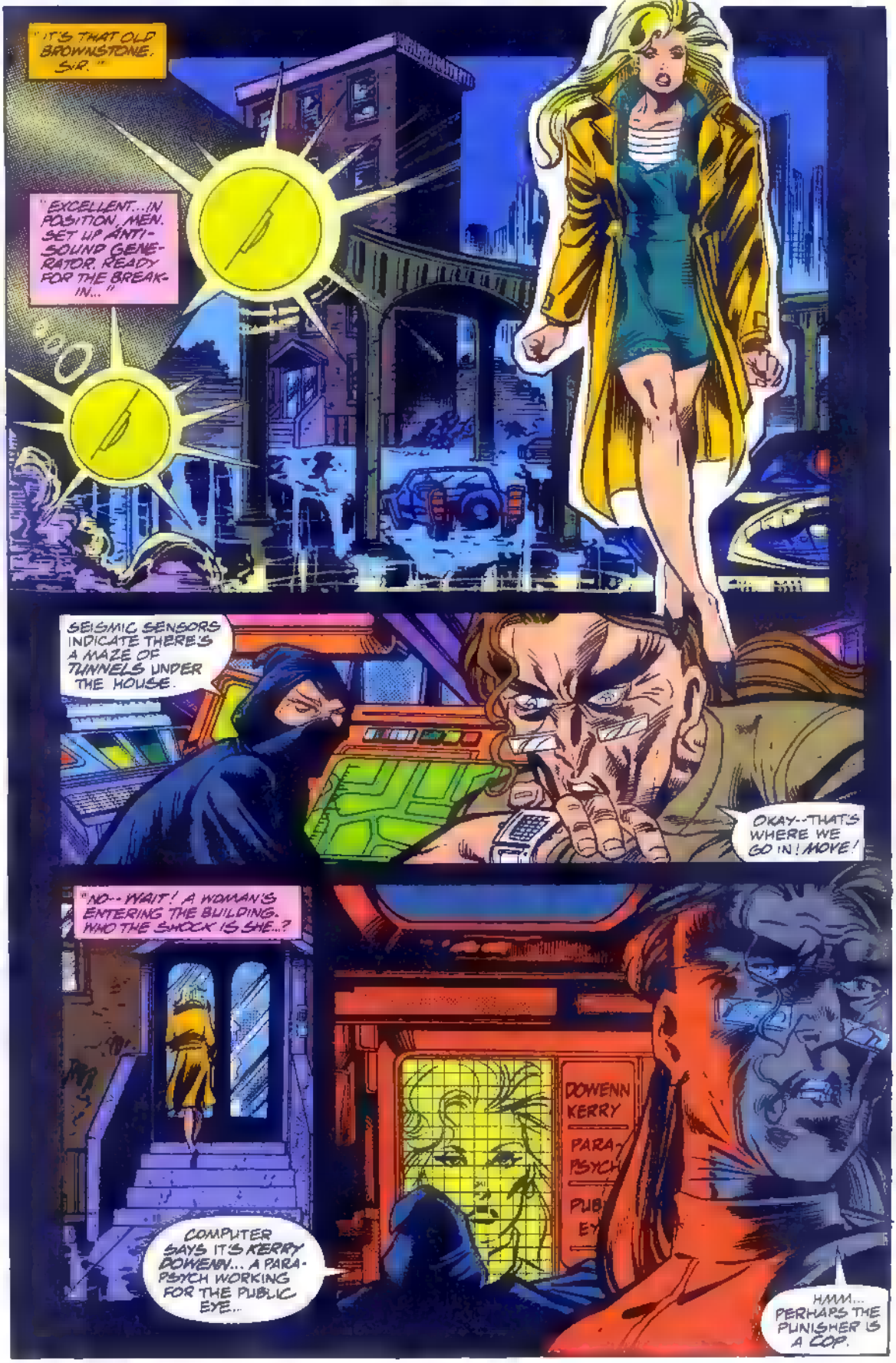
DOWN FROM 800 MPH. TO ZERO IN FIVE SECONDS--THANKS TO INERTIA BRAKES AND ENERGY DRAINS.
SPLUTCH
HITTING THESE GUYS HELPS, TOO. ABSORBS THE LAST TON OF KINETIC ENERGY.
HIS ARMOR'S NOT STANDARD...
HE'S PUTTING ON SOME EAR DEVICE...MAYBE HE'S GOING TO USE SONICS!
NOTHING SO SOPHISTICATED...
...JUST GOOD OLD FASHIONED MAGNUM FORCE!
WHAT THE...? AAAAAAH!
SMITH AND WESSON 54 CALIBER MAGNUM... BUILT IN 2015... ONE OF THE LAST AND LOUDEST HANDGUNS EVER MADE...
240 ROUNDS A MINUTE--THAT'S 4 A SECOND.
THE CYBER-NOSTRA THINK OF WEAPONS AS WAVES, CHEMICALS AND MICRO-BULLETS...
THEY'RE NOT USED TO MASSIVE CHUNKS OF LEAD FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

ONLY ONE DRAWBACK... IN AN ENCLOSED SPACE, I HAVE TO WEAR THESE EARMUFFS...
...AND I CAN'T HEAR THE SCUM SCREAMING.
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, MATT. IT'S ALL OVER.
IT'S OKAY, SQUIRREL... THE BAD MEN HAVE GONE...
MEEP! MEEP!
WHAT WERE THEY DOING HERE, MATT?
LET ME GET EVERYONE SETTLED--WITH SOME FOOD INSIDE THEM--AND I'LL TELL YOU...

...OKAY, MATT. I GET IT...
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE CYBER-NOSTRA WERE CLEANING UP EVIDENCE FOR ALCHEMAX.
WELL, THAT'S JUST IT...
...THERE MUST BE A LINK BETWEEN ALCHEMAX AND THE CYBER-NOSTRA. MUST BE.
THAT'S QUITE AN ACCUSATION, MATT... HERE, LET ME HELP YOU...
COME ON--DON'T BE GREEDY... NOT ALL AT ONCE.
THAT GUY MATT-- HE'S GOT SO MUCH LOVE IN HIM.
BUT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO MY FAMILY I CAN'T AFFORD LOVE.
DEGEN HOSTEL
ALL WELCOME
THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH.

WE'RE GETTING A POSITIVE SIGNAL, MR. SLITHAR!
WEATHER
BASED ON THE DATA FROM CITY WEATHER MONITORS, WE'RE PICKING UP A SHOCK WAVE AND DROP IN AIR PRESSURE ■ THIS SECTOR...
CROSS-REFERENCE IT WITH ANOMALIES IN TRAFFIC CONTROL.
IT CHECKS OUT. SOMEONE IS ACCESSING THE CITY TRAFFIC CONTROL COMPUTER, TURNING EVERY LIGHT TO GREEN.
THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE EXPLANATION... SOMEONE TRAVELING AT THE SPEED OF SOUND THROUGH THE CITY.
GENTLEMEN, I THINK WE'VE FOUND OURSELVES THE PUNISHER.

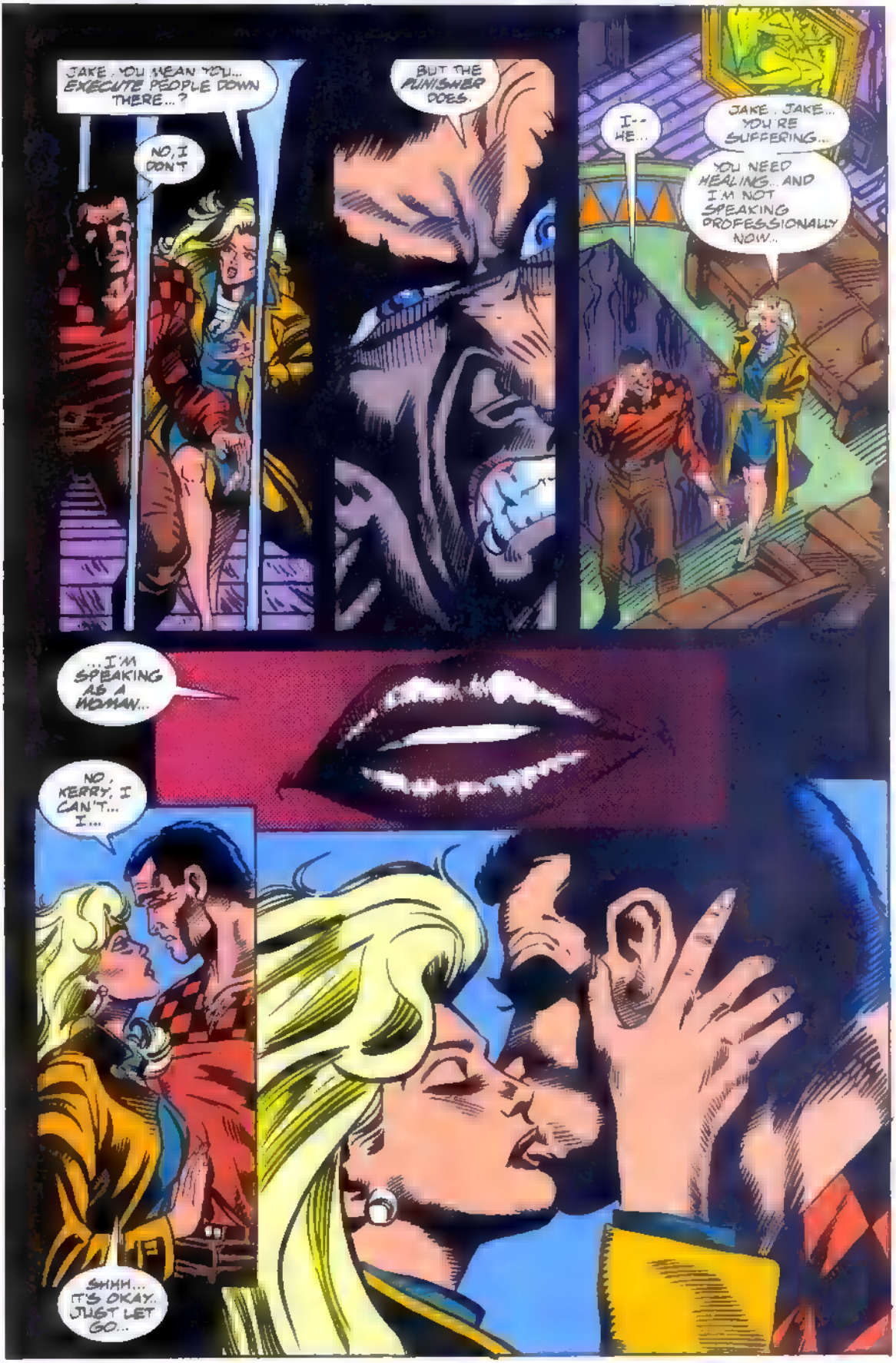

SO ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW THE PRESSURE TRAIL TO DISCOVER HIS SECRET BASE.
SHALL WE INFORM THE FEARMASTER, MR. SLITHAR?
NOT YET. HE DOESN'T WANT DETAILS. HE JUST WANTS THE PUNISHER'S HEAD!
HE'S STOPPED... AT "LOC: AF/78"... THAT'S THE BRONX...!
EXCELLENT... DRIVE THERE AT ONCE!
NINJA-NOSTRA ON RED ALERT...
...READY FOR FULL-SCALE ASSAULT!


"IT'S THAT OLD BROWNSTONE, SIR."
"EXCELLENT...IN POSITION, MEN. SET UP ANTI-SOUND GENERATOR. READY FOR THE BREAK-IN..."
SEISMIC SENSORS INDICATE THERE'S A MAZE OF TUNNELS UNDER THE HOUSE.
OKAY--THAT'S WHERE WE GO IN! MOVE!
"NO--WAIT! A WOMAN'S ENTERING THE BUILDING. WHO THE SHOCK IS SHE...?
COMPUTER SAYS IT'S KERRY DOWENNY... A PARA-PSYCH WORKING FOR THE PUBLIC EYE...
DOWENN KERRY
PARA-PSYCH
PUB EY
HMM... PERHAPS THE PUNISHER IS A COP.

JAKE... I-I HAD TO SEE YOU...
COME IN... HAVE SOME SUPPER WITH ME...
YOU LIKE SYNTHIBORR..? OR SOME HI-GENE BROTH..?
WHATEVER.. LISTEN, THE CHIEF TOLD ME YOU PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME AFTER THAT TERRIBLE GOOF I MADE--THINKING YOU WERE THE PUNISHER.
SYNTH
SPUD BUDS
LORD, I WAS SUCH AN UN-PROFESSIONAL FOOL!
HEY, IT'S OKAY... DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
NO--IT'S NOT OKAY. I VIOLATED YOUR SPACE--SO SOON AFTER YOUR FAMILY'S DEATH...
...SO I'M RESIGNING TOMORROW MORNING.. I JUST HOPE THAT ONE DAY YOU CAN FORGIVE ME.

WELL SO LONG... AND ONCE AGAIN...
I REALLY AM SORRY, JAKE.
OH... KERRY...
ER... KERRY... BEFORE YOU GO... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW...
WHAT IS IT, JAKE...?
I AM THE PUNISHER!

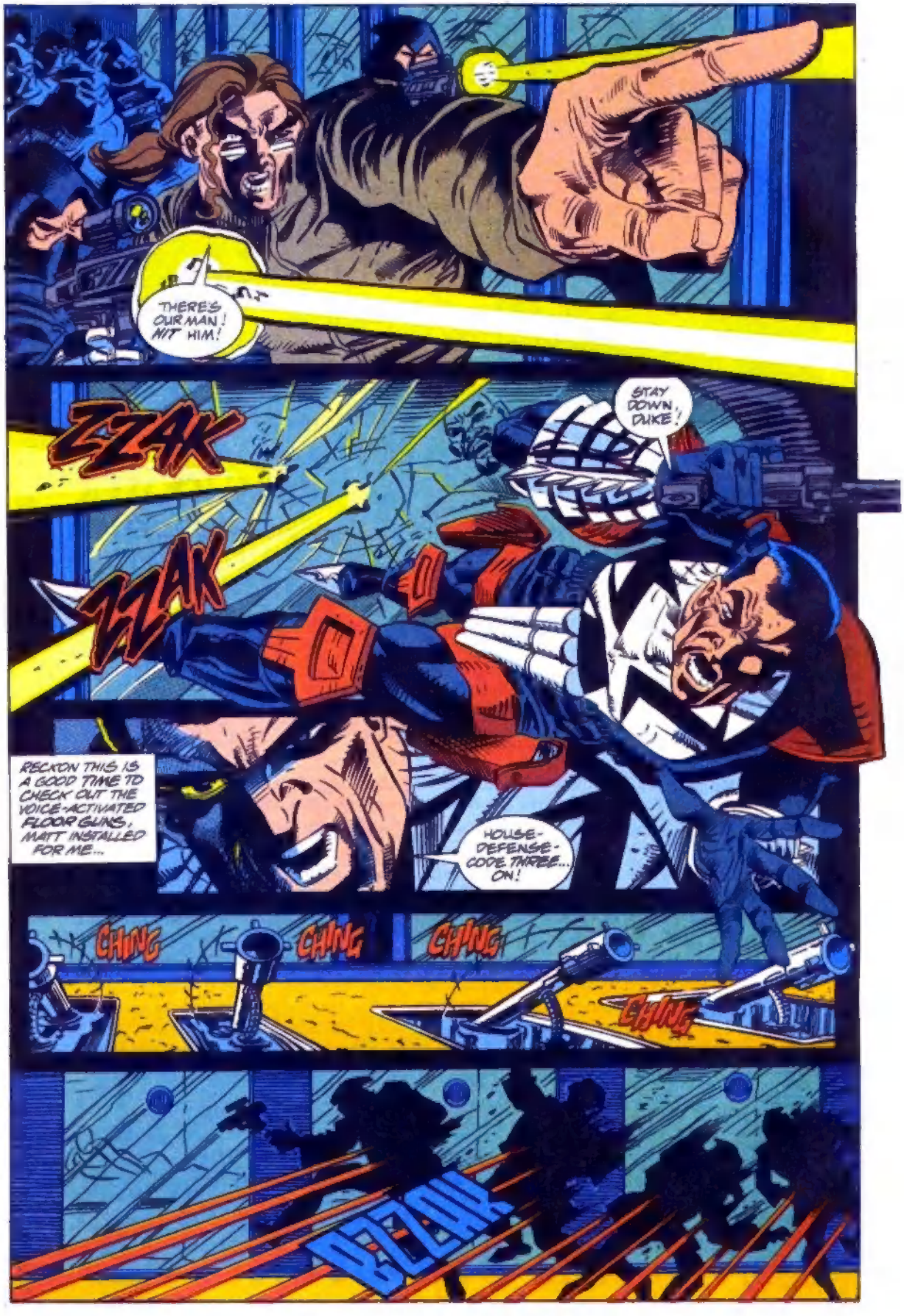
FOR PETE'S SAKE, I'VE MADE A MISTAKE-- I DON'T HAVE TO RUB MY FACE IN IT.
JUST FOLLOW ME.
WHAT'S DOWN HERE...? WHAT IS THIS...?
YOU'LL SEE
WHERE'S YOUR COSTUME PUNISHER?
HEY-- LADY! CLIMB IN HERE!
THAT'S RIGHT, SWEETCAKES. HE AIN'T SAFE... AT LEAST WE ONLY KILL PEOPLE.
YOU KEEP.. PRISONERS DOWN HERE?
THERE'S MORE. THIS WAY.
WHAT IS THAT?
MOLECULAR DISINTEGRATOR.
...HIGH-TECH VERSION OF AN OLD FASHIONED ELECTRIC CHAIR.


JAKE, YOU MEAN YOU... EXECUTE PEOPLE DOWN THERE...?
NO, I DON'T
BUT THE PUNISHER DOES.
I-- HE...
JAKE, JAKE... YOU'RE SUFFERING...
YOU NEED HEALING.. AND I'M NOT SPEAKING PROFESSIONALLY NOW...
...I'M SPEAKING AS A WOMAN...
NO, KERRY, I CAN'T... I...
SHHH... IT'S OKAY. JUST LET GO...

WE'LL ACCESS AN ARTERIAL TUNNEL IF WE BREAK IN HERE.
OKAY-- SYNCHRONIZE DIRECTIONAL EXPLOSIVE CHARGE AND ANTI-SOUND GENERATOR ON...
POP
PUFF
PERFECT. 150 DECIBELS OF EXPLOSION MEETS 150 DECIBELS OF ANTI-SOUND, AND HARDLY A WHISPER...
JUST A SLITHER, EH, SIR?
HA, HA
SHUT UP, YOU FOOL...
NOW LET'S GO. AND BE CAREFUL, WE'RE NOT DEALING WITH A FRIGHTENED CLUB OWNER THIS TIME.

[redacted]...FOR EVERY ONE OF YOU THAT DIES, I LOSE BONUS POINTS!
SCAN SAYS THERE'S A BATTERY OF INFRARED, MICRO-WAVE AND VIBRA-TIONAL SENSORS UP AHEAD...
YOU'VE GOT THE MACHINE TO FOOL THEM. DEAL WITH IT, YOU IDIOT.
JAKE, YOU'RE GOING TO THINK I'M REALLY CORNY HERE... BUT IT ACTUALLY FELT LIKE THE EARTH MOVED FOR ME BACK THERE.
YEAH... ME, TOO.
BEEP! BEEP! FOUR!
WHAT THE...! I'VE GOT A BREAK-IN ON SECTOR FOUR...
...I GUESS THE EARTH REALLY DID MOVE.
STAY HERE.

MY REGULAR SENSORS DIDN'T DETECT THEM-- ONLY MY "PARANOIA" BACK-UP SYSTEM.
THESE PEOPLE ARE SERIOUS TROUBLE...
..BUT SO AM I...!
BLAM
BLAM
AUGHHH!


THERE'S OUR MAN! HIT HIM!
ZZAK
ZZAK
STAY DOWN, DUKE!
RECKON THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO CHECK OUT THE VOICE-ACTIVATED FLOOR GUNS, MATT INSTALLED FOR ME...
HOUSE-DEFENSE-CODE THREE... ON!
CHING
CHING
CHING
CHING
BZZAK

CALL IN EVERY-BODY -- DRIVER INCLUDED! I WANT EVERY MAN ON THIS!
YEAH, THEY SEEM TO WORK...
CLEANUP TIME.
JAKE...?
JAKE, ARE YOU OKAY...?

JAKE?
IT'S KERRY...
NOOOO!
JAKE AND KERRY... HOW SWEET...
KERRY!
YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE, PUNISHER... DROP THE GUN... KICK IT OVER HERE... OR THE GIRL DIES!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAID THAT. IT WAS SO HOLO-DRAMA. BUT HERE'S WHERE I DEVIATE FROM THE TRADITIONAL SCRIPT...
HA HA HA HA
I SHOOT THE GIRL, AND YOU, ANYWAY!
NEXT ISSUE: PASSION!